

THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



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Members of the committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON are Herman Diers, John Dorenkamp, William McQueen, R. W. Lewis, and Phyllis Rice, Editor.

The City and the Plain: Loneliness

EMILE DE ANTONIO

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

THE CITY, ITS VAST MULTITUDES OF PEOPLE MOVING to and fro in strange currents and eddies like a river's rapids, and the plain, still and cold in the moonlight, both foster fundamental loneliness. These two kinds of loneliness are quite different, but both seem to me to have the same essential basis, a feeling that one is completely alienated from one's surroundings and that these surroundings are in some way threatening one's individuality—perhaps by their magnificent ignorance of the fact that it exists.

The primary difference between this sensation in the city and in the plain seems to me to lie in the fact that the loneliness of the plain is a passive thing, while that of the city is an active one. It is the difference between the irresistible force and the immovable object, each overwhelming in its effect on one's mind, each reducing man to a dwarf.

In the last year I encountered both of these kinds of loneliness often and there are instances of each which are nearly as vivid to me now as they were then.

In the middle of the vast Kansas plain two roads met, and at this junction, though it was far from anything save the cattle and the fields, a town arose. I arrived at this town early one summer afternoon and stood at the crossroads there, thumb outstretched, waiting for a ride. For hours I waited, but few cars passed and none stopped for me. Finally, as the sun was setting, I lost all hope of getting a ride and decided to walk to another road that I believed was about eight miles away. By the time I had walked three miles it was dark, a clear, cool darkness lit only by the fire of the stars shining down on the black fields around me. The country was flat, and as I looked about, I could see to the limits of the world—to where it dropped off into the great void. At the edge of this world a glow flickered quickly—some unimaginably huge neon light lying just below the horizon. There were no cars, no people, no trees, not even an occasional light from a lonely farmhouse, nothing but me—and a great presence somewhere in the sky looking down upon me coldly as I stood pinned by the gleam of the stars. The world of people and cities was no longer real. This great dispassionate threat and myself were the only things existing in the universe. I started to run, then checked myself, slowed to a walk, and tried to think of other, familiar things. Nothing worked. All I could think of was that some terrible being was watching me, weighing me, passing judgment upon me—and there was no place to hide.

I arrived in the city penniless, knowing no one, and spent three days walking the streets, looking, listening, observing the great swarms of people moving like lemmings toward some unknown sea. I walked in the shrieking neon neurosis of Broadway and in desolate streets like massive ruins of some former age. I was alone. The walls were blank and cold and ignored me; to the people I was just another obstacle to walk around, or some animal that they must fight with in the dim caverns of the subway. The only people that spoke to me, beggars and drunkards, thought I was an automaton, that if they pushed the right buttons they would get what they wanted. The idea that I, or any of those unknown people milling about, might be human never occurred to anybody. But even through all of this I could feel a kind of striving—an essence of life. I felt that this monster was one that I could fight with, perhaps conquer—or understand. I was at the same time part of it and alien to it. It threatened me, but I did not feel helpless before it. Something could be done.

Man is a lonely egotistical being who understands little about himself and the world around him and fears what he does not understand, who tries to isolate himself because of this fear and because his ego could not bear a clear sight of himself. But he must also have emotional support and so cannot isolate himself completely. It is this conflict, I believe, that produces the loneliness of the city. The loneliness of the plain is man's realization of his smallness and ignorance in the face of the universe.

A Television Commercial

In the Style of John Charles Daly

ROBERT LANKSTON

Rhetoric 102, Theme 6

It is indigenous to most vertebrates to possess sharp protuberances about the maxilla and mandible known as dentures or teeth. The subject of this communication is concerned with the proper maintenance and general hygienic welfare of these protuberances.

Teeth, to use the common term of reference, require your constant consideration. Lack of individual attentiveness can result in their disintegration or even complete decomposition. It is not conjecture to state unequivocally that carelessness in this regard is an antecedent of halitosis. And, needless to say, oral hygiene is germane to physical vigor.

A highly effectual procedure in combatting dental disintegration and attendant malfunctions is a daily application of a dentifrice. A recent compendium indicates that "Cleendent," as a dentifrice, renders the most complimentary results. This product is composed of ingredients designed to remove nutritive remnants that become embedded between the dentures. Furthermore, it is highly effective in eradicating discolorations, and leaves the breath osculatingly refreshed. "Cleendent," when applied with a brush in a circuitous fashion, is unreservedly guaranteed.

Your unbiased consideration is earnestly solicited. Once you have applied "Cleendent," you will immediately observe the results aforementioned, and will add your encomium to that of hosts of others.

War or Peace?

PAUL SCHWARTZ

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

SINANTHROPUS EMITTED AN ANGRY GROWL, ROSE TO his feet, and suddenly launched himself forward with all the weight of his sinewy body, driving the obsidian point of his spear deep into his opponent's chest—and war began. Then, unconcernedly, he scrambled out of the cave, leaving his victim intact, to be found several hundred centuries later by some fortunate anthropologist. If the reader prefers a Biblical example, then the eternal embattlement of our species began when a well-guided missile careened off Abel's skull.

Statistics prove that hardly more than a decade has elapsed since the beginning of recorded history, when a war of one sort or another has not been launched somewhere in the world. It is as impossible and impractical to realize world peace as it is to actuate Thomas More's theory of Utopian Socialism.

It is necessary to remember that we, as human beings, command a position at the top of the evolutionary scale. According to accepted Darwinian theory, all species—the great proboscideans of the tropical jungles, the mice that scurry, unseen, about our fields and meadows, and even the myriads of amoebae that teem below the surface of the pond—must be kept in perfect balance.

At first, the problem was not too serious, for men bred slowly, and disease, the elements, and the rigors of life made the average span of life comparatively short. But as science and technology gained greater control of our environment, our numbers increased at a prodigious rate, and modern scientists, who have liberal tendencies, estimate that the average life span will increase to one hundred years in a century or less. Man has acquired frightening longevity, and now threatens to overrun the planet, crowding other species and the natural food supply into extinction.

But evolution, as though it had realized Nature's mistake too late, added a highly aggressive personality to the human character and, its work completed, withdrew temporarily from the scene. No one can argue that this personality *does* exist and *does* cause us to struggle against one another. Man has been burdened with the task of keeping his numbers in balance with other life, and since that fatal day in a cave in Northern China, he has handled his duty admirably. World War II, when vast multitudes of excess souls breathed their last, stands in mute testimony to this fact.

Nature also made us social animals because general advancement is promoted by sociality, and thus people fight in groups just as ants, social insects,

swarm into foreign colonies wielding their sharp mandibles, and unwittingly keeping their populations in check. In the case of ants and many other beasts disease, famine, and natural predators aid in this unpleasant, but nevertheless necessary process, but in the case of humans the contributions of these factors are fairly insignificant and we must provide this inhibitory procedure almost alone.

Certainly nearly every American understands the consequences of war. On the other hand, we are inclined to speak of peace with only the abstract and idealistic considerations in mind. Few of us realize the dread that this term ought to inspire, for the results of peace, by comparison, might make war seem almost mild. It is plain to see that peace would permit our population to run rampant and exhaust the food supply; farming the seas would alleviate the situation only temporarily. Soon, the race would revert to the primitive the hunting and gathering societies of the past, and Nature's plan, the obscure destination she has set for us, would be thwarted. Do you prefer to see your son wounded and bleeding on a foreign shore, or wandering naked over the shifting sands of a vast desert that was once a rich and fruitful world in never-ending search for food? Under such abhorrent conditions no scientific, social, or economic advance could be carried out.

This brings us to what is perhaps a side issue, but one that is nevertheless important. Peace makes us tend to be rather lackadaisical and unproductive. The list of great scientific accomplishments that originated or evolved out of war is lengthy. Atomic energy, a scientific phenomenon that will one day prove to be our greatest servant, is still considered a weapon, an awesome dealer of death. Take into consideration too, the famous historical documents and profound philosophies that were instigated by the natural conflict of human beings.

Admittedly, war is a ghastly and terrifying reality and I am not attempting to justify it. But it fulfills a useful, necessary purpose, for while most of us continue to live in its presence, few would survive without it. Possibly, a life would cease without this useful tool of nature, and the earth would become as empty and void of life as the pitted satellite that circles it.

Then, let us remember when we lie dying on some battlefield that is gaily colored pin planted firmly in our general's map, as many of us will that we die not for a glorious cause set down in the noble speech of some politician, but because we are compelled to follow the dictates of Nature. Mankind may boast of his conquest of our natural environment, but at the final reckoning we invariably bow to Nature, either quietly as we sleep, or in the fiery midst of an international conflict.

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

—Tennyson, *In Memoriam*

The Four Hundred and Forty Yard Dash

DAVID COVIN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

THE FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY YARD DASH LEAVES two impressions—one with the spectator, the other with the competitor. The impression left with the spectator is largely one of visual images.

Outdoors, at the dash's classic best, the spectator sees it run on an oval cinder track four hundred and forty yards in circumference. The start is staggered—that is, the man in the inside lane starts at the starting line, the man in the second lane a specified distance ahead of him, etc. Each man stays in his lane for the race's duration. After the runners have taken their places, the onlooker may hear the preparatory commands: "Runners, take your marks," and "Get set." These commands are followed by the starting gun. At the gun, the runners spring from the starting blocks, accelerate swiftly to sprinting speed, and race at almost top speed for the entire distance. The runners' motions are seemingly effortless; yet these contestants frequently race stride for stride, fighting for the lead, over the greater portion of the race. The finishes are usually extremely close. The speed of the race coupled with the spectacular stretch battles make the four-forty one of the most thrilling events on the track, a spectator's favorite.

The four-forty as the competitor knows it is a process. It begins as a faint fear early in the day of the meet. As the day progresses, the fear grows, and an hour before the race it is a tight knot in the pit of the runner's stomach. Fear confronts him in different forms—shortened breath, nervous tension. Nervous tension forces him to jog back and forth, back and forth, shaking his dangling arms. Yet the four-forty is not only the fear and tension; rather it is a series of impressions that continue in a voice that rings across the track. "Take off your sweats." That, the voice that causes the knot in the participant's stomach to expand to long grasping fingers that clench his chest and abdomen, that is the four-forty. And it is also a little man waddling onto the track, his right arm encased in a red sleeve, his right hand holding a gun.

"Runners, take your marks." This is the event that the trackman knows, the call that turns fear to cold pimples and brings beads of cold sweat sliding down his body.

"Get set!" The call electrifies the air, sounding a challenge, a challenge that turns cold fear to expectancy and kindles the fires of energy.

The blast of the gun begins the four-forty and the runner's explosive drive from the blocks. The quick, driving steps that bring immediate sprinting speed

and the practiced relaxation are the dash. The trackman knows this race as the boy to the left and the boy to the right, pushing, pushing. He lives it in the effortless movements of his legs, the feather-light tread of his feet, the thrill of running alone—ahead, the sound of spikes treading light on the cinders behind him. And the competitor feels the race in the sudden sickening fatigue he experiences as he rounds the last turn, the increasing intensity of the spikes to the rear. In the terrible expression of willpower the process continues, through the pushing that is beyond the realm of hope—to the goal that is the finishing tape. Nor does the event end with the dash, for the runner's race lasts in the athlete's exultation in his conquest, mind over body; in his team mate's handshake; his coach's warm words; his dad's warm smile; his mother's concealed happiness; and his girl friend's kiss.

Therefore, the four-forty may be a spectacle or an experience, a sight remembered, or an event relived at every crack of the starter's pistol.

Darkness

DANA SPENCER
Rhetoric 100, Theme 5

I TOSSSED AND TURNED IN MY BED TRYING TO MUFFLE the sound of the buzzing alarm clock on my dresser. Finally, with much disgust I dragged to my feet and turned it off. Another day was beginning. Remembering that I was to get up at seven, I thought it was strange that daylight was not creeping into the room beneath the window shade, but, being still half asleep, I soon lost the track of that thought.

The dorm was quiet and most of the girls were still sleeping. I slowly dressed and ate my breakfast while trying to refresh my memory on the chemistry assignment due that morning. It was still not daylight.

I walked hurriedly to my first class; however I wasn't thinking about chemistry equations. Now I was really puzzled by the strange day. The idea occurred to me that maybe some phenomenal thing had happened to my alarm clock causing it to wake me hours ahead of time, but then other students would not be on the campus as they were now.

Climbing the dimly lighted stairway to the lecture room, I sensed the quiet and eerie feeling in the air. The classroom door was locked. A note on the window was all that gave evidence of this being a regularly used room. It said, "No class today. Go home to your room and stay there until further notice."

Something was wrong. I panicked! I couldn't understand the strange occurrences of this day. Still there was only darkness.

Throwing down my books, I frantically ran back to the dorm. I thought surely I could find the answer from someone there. Upon arrival I was shocked to find that everyone was in the same state I was. Girls were milling around the corridors. Some were in their pajamas, while others had dressed

in the expectation of going to morning classes. They seemed dazed and unable to think clearly. I stopped the girls I knew and excitedly asked what was happening, but they couldn't speak to me.

Finally, after a moment of helplessness, I remembered my radio, and I pushed my way to my room and turned it on. I flipped the dial, but got no response until I came to the Civil Defense station. Then, a stiff, tight voice came over the air, and at last, I received the shocking news. It was so unbelievable and out of the question that it took me a few minutes to comprehend the meaning of the announcer's abrupt words, "The sun has gone out!"

Greek Meets Greek

JOE CULBERG
Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

I am university student 265112. I am pledging I Giva Dama, the best fraternity on campus. Last night I had a very funny dream. It seems that somehow I was in heaven. I was looking for a landmark, when I see this guy coming toward me. He was weird looking: bald with a bedsheet wrapped around him.

"Where the hell am I?" I asks him.

"Quite the contrary my son," he says. Then I tells him that I am 265112 and a Dama pledge. He hold me that his name was Socrates. He turned out to be a Greek just like me. He asked me to come over to his house. I told him that I had already rushed so I couldn't. He told me that he had checked with the I.F.C. and it was okay. When we got to his house, I was amazed. It had pillars and big doors, just like the Dama house. We walks in and nobody looks.

"Hey, Soc," I says, "ain't I gonna meet the brothers?" He told me when his friends wanted to meet me they would; "Oh, that's because I'm not rushing, right Soc?"

"No, that's because they don't want to meet you." He took me into the dining room. "Would you like some food?" I was hungry; so I said yes. Well, old Soc claps his hands and a couple of men bring in trays and trays of goodies.

"Pledges, Soc?"

"Slaves."

We sits down to eat and he tells me all about his house. He says they get up when they want to, and eat when they want to. I says to him, "Soc, how can you guys live like this? Whatta ya do for supervision?" He looks at me funny and snickered. Then I asks, "Whatta ya do all day?"

"Oh, we read and contemplate a bit."

I was shocked. "Where do you get time?" I asked.

"Don't you have time?" Whatta silly guy. I told him I was too busy studying to learn.

I finally said, "Soc, just between us two, what do you do for excitement?"

"We have orgies."

"Everyone has to go, huh?"

"No."

"Then you get them dates from the pig pool?" He was getting pretty disgusted with me and I with him. Just before I left I said, "Soc, for a Greek you are the best god damn Independent I have ever seen." He thanked me and I left.

When I awoke I thought, "Brother I wouldn't want a guy like that in the Dama house. He doesn't even know what a Greek is."

Saints and Sinners

JOEL KAPLAN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 1

The only difference between the saint and the sinner is that every saint has a past and ever sinner has a future.—*Wilde*

THE THOUGHT THAT SAINTS AND SINNERS ARE ESSENTIALLY alike is both extraordinary and true. Both must occasionally shudder at the thought of their sins and virtues; both must carry an immense burden, heavy and unrelenting; both must suffer, in their long search for joy amid tragedy.

Joy amid tragedy and tears amid gaiety—certainly these are the identifying characteristics of both lives. The difference—a significant one—is to be found in the simple fact that the saint—in the highest sense of the word—finds his tragedy in the past; the sinner finds his not only in the past, but also in the present. For him the present is a transitional stage. He may stagnate, or he may, through suffering, become a saint. The question is will he conquer suffering or will suffering conquer him?

All superior human beings have become so through a long, bitter conflict with themselves. Sometimes the conflict becomes so intensely brilliant and holds such fascination that the man whose soul is its battleground achieves greatness in the eyes of the world. However, to be a saint he must go further. He must have achieved salvation from inner torment; he must have overcome the suffering in his soul in order to have any hope of solving the sufferings of the world. And here can be seen the similarity between saints and sinners. Both have known this conflict within themselves. The saint has experienced his in the past; the sinner experiences his in the present—his conflict has not yet been resolved. Yet, somehow they are both superior to the average man, whose duller sensibilities render him incapable of experiencing deep pain or anguish.

In Wilde's quotation, the fact that the two are considered together indicates that Wilde is not referring to the ordinary sinner, but to a human being aware of his sins, for sins are only such if we consider ourselves to have sinned. To be aware of sin is to suffer from it. To be aware of sin is to strive toward a higher form of life, toward sainthood. Here, we must define the saint as Wilde sees him. By saint, he does not mean a Puritan or a pious and respectable pillar of the church or community. It is even conceivable that an atheist could become a saint (however, he would then cease to be a real atheist). A saint, to Wilde, is one who has achieved what the sinner is secretly striving for—the dimly-perceived, but real life of purity and meaning which is fully aware of the significance of the word “repentance.” The saint has

not eliminated suffering or conflict. He has, instead, accepted the former and overcome the latter through a strong and confident determination to follow the path he has chosen.

We are now able to see the reason for the anguish, the burden, the sorrow, and the joy that shall always accompany the saint and the sinner. The former has used the suffering of life as a means of extracting the joy of life. Perhaps the sinner, in his long war against all that degrades and defeats the human soul, will do likewise.

The Mythical Morality of American History

SHARON SIMERL

Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

IN A WORLD WHICH IS RULED BY FORCE AND STRENGTH, it should not seem strange that nations are not respected for their noble motives but for their ability to take advantage of their neighbors successfully. Although most Americans would vigorously deny that the United States gained its power and prominence by such Machiavellian disregard for ethical standards, it might surprise many Americans to discover that the United States, like most other important countries, has committed its share of underhanded and unethical actions in order to protect itself or increase its material size and wealth.

When the Pilgrims arrived at Plymouth in the early 1600's, they were establishing themselves on land to which, actually, they had no right. The papers and charters issued to them were signed by European rulers who based their authority upon the voyages made to the New World by ships carrying their flags. Perhaps if the New World has been totally uninhabited by human beings, there would have been justification for the establishment of colonies. However, from Canada to Mexico there were numerous tribes of Indians, scattered across the land that was to become the United States. The arrival of the first white men marked the beginning of long centuries in which the Indians were steadily pushed from their hunting grounds and their native areas into successively poorer and more worthless territories—all because of the greed and callousness of the newcomers. Even today, much of the land upon which most Indian reservations have been established consists of some of the driest, least fertile soil to be found in America.

The Revolutionary War, which has been glorified continually in American history books, had its share of commercial motivation, for, in reality, the restrictions on civil liberties in the colonies were frequently far less stringent than those in England herself. The merchants and industrialists of the thirteen

colonies were among the ones most eager to sever relations with the crown and thereby end restrictions on their commercial activities.

But, although such motivations may tarnish the reputation of the War of Independence, it was not until several years later that the United States entered into a conflict from altogether selfish motives. This was in the War of 1812, which was allegedly fought over the impressment of American sailors into the English Navy. However, a closer study of the situation will indicate that it was the midwestern area of the United States which called for war—not the eastern seaboard states which were affected by the problem of impressment. What did the Midwest want? Expansion had become such a part of America's policy that Canada appeared to be worthy of annexation, in spite of the fact that Canada had no desire to unite with the United States. A war with England would have given the United States an opportunity to seize Canada from the English. But what angered the English most about this attack was that England was then engaged in a bitter struggle against Napoleonic France. Napoleon's victorious forces had swept before them most of the major powers of Europe. Across the continent lay Russia, and to the west stood England. These were the sole remaining opponents to a dictator whose goal was complete subjugation of Europe. The fate of Europe hung in the balance, but the United States was more concerned with her own personal strength and prestige than with the fate of Europe.

There are other events and conditions in United States history of which America should not be proud—the Mexican War, slavery, the Spanish-American War, the doors once closed to Oriental immigration, the intervention in Guatemala, the intervention in Lebanon, and segregation. There are many more. All nations are guilty of similar wrongs, but perhaps it is of value to point out to Americans that they, too, have been wrong and that they, too, have done things which do not merit unlimited praise and unlimited confidence in the morality of their own decisions.

Time

EMILE DE ANTONIO
Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

Time! It is an inescapable truth that we can never grasp. It lies in the lined face of the old wino asleep in the gutter, and in the city waiting stilly for the morning—dark towers straining toward the sky. It is the face of the clock whose ticking taunts us with our futility and insignificance, and the fearful, dry-mouthed instant before discovering, footsteps halt and turn away. It is the instant between the movement and the flow, and it is the momentary hesitation of the wave before it collapses into white foam. It is the pause between the sound and the echo, the action and the regret. It is the embarrassé silence, and the soft rustling of corn in the still night breeze. It lies in the games that we played when we were children—laughing and rolling in the grass. It is the borin' class, the fly buzzing in and out of the instructor's monotone while the afternoon sunlight falls on the trees outside, and the span between the falling of the first leaf and the last. It is the red and golden dusk shadowing pale figures on the grass. It is the sadness of mortality.

Void World—1984

STEPHEN D. MARCHETTI

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

GEORGE ORWELL, THE AUTHOR OF *1984*, IS KNOWN AS A brilliant political writer whose insight and perception are quite alarming because of their accuracy and because of the profound messages they reveal. With this in mind, one can recognize the purpose of *1984*, since after the first few pages, he can feel the presence of something which must be explained in political and economic terms.

Winston Smith, the book's main character, and the shabby world in which he lives immediately convey the message that there is definitely something wrong with the way of life in the year of 1984. So radically wrong is this way of life that the reader is shocked, startled, appalled. And a realization of Orwell's purpose is immediate. The reader feels that he must know why and how such a state of existence could ever result from today's glorified forms of government—even how our own form of democracy could possibly deteriorate to a hopelessly totalitarian form of government. This is Orwell's purpose: to write a novel that is so radical in theme and content that it demands the full attention of the reader, focuses that attention on the fact that through our carelessness and unconcerned attitude toward government, the world of 1984 is not improbable—that we are only a few steps away from it!

The world of 1984 is a pitifully shabby one in which men merely exist, having ceased to live in the sense that we know life. It is a world of tele-screens and Thought-Police, of mass frenzied hates and of hysterical adoration of "Big Brother," the personified head of the Party. It is a world in which intellectual activity has been crushed, leaving the minds of men but empty shells to be filled with grains of party doctrine whenever and however the party chooses. No thought exists other than that approved by the party. "Newspeak," the official language of the party, is a wanton liquidation of words with the hope that eventually thought itself will be so limited by a lack of words that it will be impossible to think anything but party doctrine. There is no reason other than that of "double-think," which causes the terms "IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH," "FREEDOM IS SLAVERY," and "WAR IS PEACE" to ring true in the minds of 1984 as do "In God We Trust" and "*E Pluribus Unum*" ring true to us. Philosophically it is a world void of truth and hope, of faith in fellow men and in oneself. Physically it is a world of poverty and filth, of countless unsatisfied desires.

Life in 1984 is an existence of hunger and want. It is a world of cities ravished by continual war. Visualize the havoc of post-war Europe in our time and you have a picture of the physical state of the world in 1984. Moreover, imagine yourself living among the shambles of a war-torn city with

no hope for anything better in the future. Imagine yourself a man who is just past his prime of life to whom all this misery seems wrong, unnatural, intolerable, but who knows that the situation is hopelessly out of his hands. Yes, hopelessly—because the party has worked hard to achieve this misery and will work even harder to maintain it! Imagine yourself a man who knows that love is a forbidden pleasure in a world where all emotions but fear and hate have been driven out of humanity. Do this and you will see life as Winston Smith does, and you will hate this life.

Winston Smith, by being a party member of 1984, has been deprived of all the things we think of as essential to a worthwhile life: freedom of thought, intellectual activity, even physical needs and pleasures. He is typical of any party member. He wears the dress of the Party, grubby shirt and blue overalls. He listens to the endless stream of lies that flows from the telescreens. He drinks "Victory Gin" when the strain of everyday life begins to show in weariness—which is several times a day. And he joins the shouting mob in hysteria when it is time to take part in the "two minutes hate" which is the duty of every party member. But in one respect Winston is different.

He believes there is a better way of life. He is one of those throwbacks to civilization who cannot accept the party because he still has his intelligence and some amount of spirit. He is the type of man who will take all risks to have what he thinks should be his. And there is Julia, the woman Winston dares to love. She is not, however, like Winston. She is typical of the majority of party members who are not intelligent enough to grasp the real meanings of party doctrine. Her only desire is to satisfy her immediate physical wants and desires. Therefore freedom of thought means little to her as long as she can eat and sleep in peace and enjoy sex. She doesn't hate the Party for what it is; she hates it because it deprives her of pleasure.

Winston Smith and Julia, by falling in love and daring to defy the Party, give the reader a realistic plot through which to understand and apply what Orwell is saying. Their struggle is the medium Orwell uses to delve into the philosophical and political core of "Ingsoc" (the name of the political theory). By living and seeing the world of 1984 through Winston's eyes and by tracing his rebellion from its first thought to its fateful end in the hands of the Thought-Police, we get an excellent description of the meaning of "Ingsoc." Its doctrines progressively get more unbelievable and eventually reach a point of startling impact. It is this impact that forces on the reader's mind all that Orwell says in his book. And although Orwell never says it directly, the reader knows that the world of 1984 is highly probable.

Orwell's concept of life in 1984 might seem contrived at first glance, but with a little study the reader can see that the setting, characters, and even the situations of 1984 are quite realistic. Style is simple and direct, but the theme of 1984 is so radical that the reader is not apt to forget it for a long time.

Jackson at Chancellorsville

D. CRAIG AHLBERG

Rhetoric 102, Theme 11

THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE CLIMAXED THE CAREER of Stonewall Jackson, one of America's greatest heroes. Before following Jackson through his last days, we will attempt to trace the development of those attributes which made him a great soldier and a great man.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson grew up in the rugged frontier region near Clarksburg, Virginia (now West Virginia), where he was born January 21, 1824. He secured an appointment to West Point in 1842. The newly commissioned artillery officer got his first taste of war early; he was sent to Mexico in 1846. Jackson emerged from the Mexican war with numerous commendations for his valor.

In 1851, Jackson accepted a position as Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Artillery Tactics at the Virginia Military Institute in Lexington. At V.M.I. the professor prepared himself for his daily tasks by diligent study. His habit of reflection enabled him to acquire remarkable powers of concentration. A cadet gives this interesting description of his professor:

Old Jack is a character, genius, or just a little crazy. He lives quietly and don't meddle. He's as systematic as a multiplication table and as full of military as an arsenal. Stiff, you see, never laughs but as kindhearted as a woman—and by Jupiter, he teaches a nigger Sunday school. But, mind, if this John Brown business leads to war, he'll be heard from!¹

Col. T. J. Jackson's first assignment for the Confederacy was at the scene of the "John Brown business," Harpers Ferry. It was here that he took command of the brigade which, along with its commander, would in a span of two years become immortally associated with the word "Stonewall."

It was a few months later, on July 21, 1861, at the First Battle of Manassas that the name "Stonewall" originated. During a furious Union charge, General Jackson placed his well-trained brigade in a commanding defensive position. The attack brought confusion in the Confederate ranks. It was here that General Bee, spotting Jackson's men standing firmly amidst the general retreat shouted to his men, "Look, there is Jackson standing like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!"²

What kind of general was this Stonewall Jackson? Jackson's tactics were thoroughly worked out beforehand. Like Napoleon, he spent a great deal of time studying maps. He gained amazing familiarity with the terrain

in which he was to fight. "In meditation," says Bacon, "all dangers should be seen; in execution none, unless they are very formidable." It was on this precept that Jackson acted. He weighed every risk; he left nothing to chance.³

"Never take counsel of your fears" was a maxim often on his lips. His decisions were swift and firm. He had no moments of deplorable indecision and no occasion to lament the loss of golden opportunities.

These selected quotations present some of Jackson's military maxims. He was strongly influenced by Napoleon. Notice the emphasis Jackson places on aggressiveness, speed, and maneuver.

There are two things never to be lost sight of by a commander. Always mystify, mislead, and surprise the enemy, if possible; and when you strike and overcome him, never give up the pursuit as long as your men have strength to follow; for an army routed, if hotly pursued, becomes panic-stricken, and can then be destroyed by half their number. The other rule is, never fight against heavy odds, if by any possible maneuvering you can hurl your own force on only a part, and that the weakest part, of your enemy and crush it.

Napoleon, he [Jackson] said, was the first to show what an army could be made to accomplish. He had shown what was the value of time as an element of strategic combination, and that good troops, if well cared for, could be made to march 25 miles daily, and win battles besides.

We must make this campaign, he said at the beginning of 1863, an exceedingly active one. Only thus can a weaker country cope with the stronger; it must make up in activity what it lacks in strength. A defensive campaign can only be made successful by taking the aggressive at the proper time. Napoleon never waited for his adversary to become fully prepared, but struck him the first blow.⁴

Speed was vital to Jackson's bold, aggressive tactics. He never hesitated to call on his lean, light-traveling soldiers to make forced marches if he could gain a surprise, or if the enemy were already in flight. He stated, "I had rather lose one man in marching than five in fighting."⁵ His men rapidly became known as "Jackson's foot cavalry."

Despite Stonewall's demands on them, his soldiers were devoted to him. To them, he was "Old Jack," just as he had been to his West Point classmates. They knew their leader had every concern for their well-being. They looked upon Jackson as a father; they would march anywhere, do anything for him. Stonewall had an equal admiration for the self-sacrificing valor of his men. He believed they could do anything he commanded.

Jackson placed great importance on secrecy. He took infinite pains to conceal, even from his most trusted staff officers, his movements, his intentions, and his thoughts. On many marches, only Jackson himself knew the destination. When Jackson was informed of the irritation of his staff at being kept uninformed of his plans, he merely smiled and said, "If I can deceive my own friends, I can make certain of deceiving the enemy." He often quoted

Frederick the Great's maxim: "If I thought my coat knew my plans, I would take it off and burn it."⁶

It must be remembered that Jackson was subordinate to Lee. Of his chief, Stonewall said, "Lee is a phenomenon, I would follow him blindfold."⁷ Lee and his most trusted lieutenant closely cooperated in the direction of Southern efforts. Lee was the strategist; he made the sweeping plans. Jackson was the tactician; it was he who planned the bold strokes which brought so much success to their armies.

These, in summary, are some of the principles which made Stonewall Jackson a great general: His moves were well planned. He was boldly aggressive. In his attacks he used speed, security, maneuver, and surprise to bring himself upon the weakest part of his foe. Once he had defeated his enemy, he followed up his victory by pursuing the demoralized opponent.

The classic example of Jackson's skill as a general is the Valley Campaign of 1862. By looking briefly at this rather complicated campaign, we can see how vital Jackson's tactical skill was to the Confederacy.

In the spring of 1862, McClellan, the Union Commanding General, stood poised for an invasion of Richmond with an army of 150,000 men. The Confederate army was about one-third this size. In the Shenandoah Valley, Jackson had 4,000 men. Facing him was a Union force of over 20,000 under General Nathaniel Banks. Another army, almost as large, under General Fremont, stood ready in West Virginia. According to the Union plans, Banks was to drive Jackson from the Valley, then move east to Manassas to protect Washington. McClellan could then move against Richmond without any fear for the capital's safety.

Lee ordered Jackson to hold as many Federal troops as possible in the Valley, thus keeping them away from the force invading Richmond.

As Banks started to leave the Valley, confident that he had forced the retiring Jackson to flee, he was attacked by Stonewall at Kernstown. Although Jackson suffered a defeat, he had scored an over-all victory for the Confederacy. Not only did Banks remain in the Valley, but Lincoln detached McDowell's corps from McClellan's army to protect Washington.

Jackson then turned upon and defeated Fremont's army at McDowell. Heading north again, Stonewall drove his "foot cavalry" against Banks and pursued him to the outskirts of panic-stricken Washington. When Jackson swiftly retired back into the Valley, he drew an even larger force of Federals with him. The converging armies, Banks and Gen. Shields from the north, and Fremont from the west, did not catch Jackson until they reached the place where he had chosen to meet them. After defeating both Union forces, Jackson slipped away to join Lee in the defense of Richmond.

In the period of May 8, to June 9, 1862, Jackson's men, at no time numbering more than 17,000, marched 400 miles and fought and won five battles against 62,000 Union troops.⁸ Stonewall had not only prevented 100,000

troops from reaching McClellan, but had joined Lee to aid in driving the remaining 100,000 away from Richmond. Although Lee had placed Jackson in the Valley and sent him re-enforcements at a crucial point, the real credit for this amazing campaign belongs to Stonewall Jackson and his "foot cavalry."

What kind of man was this Stonewall Jackson? The brilliant Valley Campaign had made Jackson an over-night hero in the South. However, Jackson did not look the part of a hero. He wore no braid, no plume. Instead, he wore a simple, faded uniform along with oversize army boots. Walking or riding on his faithful horse, "Little Sorrel," old Jack seemed ungainly. Not until one viewed his face, would one be impressed.

He had a high, broad forehead, small, sharp nose, thin, pallid lips, generally tightly shut, and a dark, rusty beard. He was noted for his piercing blue eyes. "When I looked into his face," said a Federal prisoner, "my heart sank within me."⁹

According to H. Kyd Douglas, "He was quiet, not morose. He often smiled, rarely laughed. He never told a joke but rather liked to hear one now and then. Reticent and reliant, he believed, 'He walks with speed who walks alone.'"¹⁰

His deep religious feeling dominated Jackson's entire person. At home he had been a Presbyterian Deacon. Prayer meetings were an integral part of the camp routine. Jackson's religious fervor inspired not only those under his command, but the entire Confederate army as well. Daniel tells us, "Frequently when his army was being formed for battle, his attendants noticed that his lips moved, and his right arm was upraised—they knew that he was in prayer."¹¹

When he was once compelled to attack on a Sunday, Jackson reconciled his religious conscience with his military duty with these famous words: "Arms is a profession that requires an officer to do what he fears may be wrong, and yet according to military experience, must be done. . . . Had I fought the battle on Monday instead of Sunday, I fear our cause would have suffered."¹²

His favorite maxim was, "Duty is ours; consequences are God's."¹³

"My religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed," said Stonewall. "God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about that."¹⁴

In April of 1863, soon before the upcoming campaign of Chancellorsville, Jackson wrote his wife, "I trust that God is going to bless us with a great success, and in such a manner as to show that it is all His gift; and I trust and pray that it will lead our country to acknowledge Him, and to live in accordance with His will as revealed in the Bible."¹⁵

In the spring of 1863, "Fighting Joe" Hooker was appointed Commander of the Union's Army of the Potomac. He had an army of 134,000 well-trained men, eager to fight. Lee's army at that time numbered about 60,000. On April

27, Hooker's force moved out of winter camp near Fredericksburg and crossed the Rappahannock.

Hooker made the opening moves. His plan was to divide his army into two attack groups, one to threaten each flank of Lee's army. Two corps under Major General John Sedgwick crossed the river at Fredericksburg to attract Lee's attention eastward. The main force made a long march which brought them in from the west on Lee's left flank.

On April 29, Jackson received word that Hooker had crossed the Rappahannock. Battle sounds were already thundering as he hastily took leave of his wife and baby daughter, who had been visiting him, and headed for the front.

Hooker had moved his army well. He was in a position to make his flank attack. He issued this proud message: "It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the Commanding General announces to the army that the operations of the last three days [April 27-30] have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him."¹⁶

Lee was faced with the problem of deciding which part of the Union army to face. He sent General Anderson's division to a position east of Chancellorsville. Its duty was to protect the Confederate left flank. Meanwhile, Jackson and Lee, commanding the main elements of the army, surveyed Sedgwick's position across from Fredericksburg.

Jackson wished to fight; he wanted to drive the enemy into the river. Lee thought the Federal position was too strong, but in deference to his lieutenant's tactical skill he conceded, "If you think it can be done, I will give orders for it."¹⁷

Jackson asked for time to examine the ground thoroughly before he made his decision. Reporting back to Lee, Jackson said it would be inexpedient to attack the Federals at that position.

Lee then decided to face Hooker's main body, which was positioned on the left. Jackson was ordered to join Anderson at the latter's position near Chancellorsville. Ten thousand men under General Early were left to confront Sedgwick on the heights of Fredericksburg.

As Hooker halted for the night on April 30, with his 70,000 men, he saw victory within his grasp. He prepared to annihilate Lee's army.

However, Jackson was wasting no time. Shortly after midnight on May 1, Jackson's lean veterans marched through the mists towards Chancellorsville—and Hooker. At 8:00 a.m., Jackson reached Anderson's entrenched position. The Federals were headed towards him, marching through the wilderness.

Jackson was impatient. He wanted to attack Hooker's men while they were still in the dense, scrubby forest. He ordered his men forward. Some of Anderson's men went along the old turnpike; the rest of the 2nd Corps followed the plank road which ran slightly south of the turnpike. Fire broke

out on the turnpike. Anderson had met the enemy. Jackson kept moving forward. He worried about his flank in these dense woods. He sent out skirmishers to "feel out" the Federal position; this was no place to be groping blindly. Jackson learned that Hooker guarded both roads and was aggressive. Stonewall ordered his artillery to shell the Federals.

A courier brought a message from Jeb Stuart, the brilliant cavalry leader and one of Jackson's close friends. He had come in on Jackson's left flank. "I will close in on the flank and help all I can when the ball opens," wrote gay Stuart. He added a special line for "the Deacon." "May God grant us victory."

Jackson replied, "I trust that God will grant us a great victory. Keep closed on Chancellorsville."¹⁸

Lee soon joined Jackson and the latter reported the situation to his commander. Lee fully approved Jackson's decisions and made no changes. He rode off to examine the Confederate right.

As Jackson pressed forward, all the Union lines rapidly drew in. Jackson was puzzled by the situation. Was the enemy in retreat or planning an ambush? Stonewall cautiously continued his advance. "Press them" became his standard phrase that day.¹⁹

At mid-afternoon, Jackson followed a road paralleling his lines until he came to a hill near an old iron works called Catherine Furnace. Here he met Jeb Stuart. The General scanned the Federal positions to the north. The dense underbrush which covered the Federals' positions might also cover an attack.

When he returned to the front, Jackson learned that Hooker was presenting a formidable defense. An excited Confederate officer, Alexander C. Haskell, led Jackson up a little knoll. Through his field glasses, Jackson could see three Yankee battle lines behind heavy earth works. Jackson told Captain Haskell, "Hold this ground until 9:00 o'clock tonight . . . countersign for the night is: challenge, liberty; reply, independence."²⁰

Jackson rode back to the plank road where he met Lee shortly before dark. The two sat on a log and began the last of the Lee-Jackson meetings. Lee assumed that Hooker would hold his present positions the next morning, and accordingly began to plan an attack.

Jeb Stuart rode up. He was in high glee. Fitzhugh Lee, his daring young lieutenant, had discovered that Hooker had not anchored his right flank. It was "in the air." Attention now focused on the exposed Union right. A secret and comparatively short route had to be found. The dense wilderness began to look friendly. There was no danger of being detected by the Union cavalry, for Hooker had sent them on a raid towards Richmond. Stuart merrily mounted his horse and thundered away to look for a road.

A scouting party reported that an attack on the Federal front would be suicidal. Lee pored over the map. Finally, as if talking to himself, he said, "How can we get at those people?"

Loyal Jackson replied, "You know best. Show me what to do, and we will try to do it." ²¹

Finally Lee drew a broad arc with his finger. Jackson would lead a detached force on a flank march and would be screened by Stuart with the cavalry. The strategy had been completed and now Jackson must work out the tactics.

Stonewall had been offered a rich opportunity. Old Jack rose from the log, saluted Lee, and said, "My troops will move at 4 o'clock." ²²

In a little clearing in the woods, Jackson unbuckled his sword and stretched out on the chill ground. Sandy Pendleton offered the cape from his greatcoat to the General, who had forgotten his blanket roll. The ground became cold and clammy. Jackson awoke and felt that he had the beginnings of a head cold. He covered Pendleton with the cape and walked over to a small fire. Old Jack pulled up a cracker box and huddled over the flames.

Chaplain Lacy soon came up to the fire. Jackson invited him to sit down. Lacy had once preached in the area. Jackson informed the Chaplain of the plans and asked him to point out on the map any possible roads. Lacy said that the proprietor of Catherine Furnace would know of some road that would fit the General's purpose, and his son would make a good guide. Jackson sent Lacy along with Hotchkiss, the topographical engineer who supplied Jackson with his excellent maps, to the Furnace. Hotchkiss was to make sure that if a road existed it could be used by artillery.

The two men rode off into the black night. Jackson sipped coffee with Col. A. L. Long of Lee's staff. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, Jackson's sword, which had been leaning against a tree for so long, clattered to the ground. Long felt that it was an ill omen. He handed the sword to Jackson, who muttered his thanks and buckled it on.

With dawn beginning to show in the east, Lee joined Jackson at the campfire. Hotchkiss reported back with important information. There was a road! Jackson could march southwest on the Catherine Furnace road until he reached the Brock road. He could then proceed north to the Orange road. This road would lead to the rear of the exposed Union right flank.

Lee looked at Stonewall. "General Jackson," he asked calmly, "what do you propose to do?"

Jackson pointed to Hotchkiss' route and said, "Go around here."

"What do you propose to make [it] with?" Lee was asking, not telling. . . . Jackson [replied], "With my whole corps." ²³

Lee was surprised. He had not figured on so large a move. "But," as Vandiver states, "Jackson did not think on small or defensive terms. Assume the offensive and press the enemy with everything at hand. Now was the time to hit Hooker where he least expected the blow [and hit him with an overwhelming force]. Audacity; mystery; surprise." ²⁴

Finally came Lee's next question: "What will you leave me?" Instantly

Jackson had the answer, for he had carefully worked out the whole scheme: "The divisions of Anderson and McLaws."²⁵

Taking 28,000 men with him, Jackson would leave Lee with 14,000 men to face all of Hooker's masses. The flank march would take the greater part of a day and Lee would be forced to maintain a position which would appear aggressive.

Lee thought for a moment of the risks. Upon his decision rested the fate of the Confederacy. Jackson was not at all surprised to hear Lee say, "Well, go on."²⁶

Jackson planned the march carefully. Every piece of Second Corps artillery went along. Cavalry screened the right and front. Ranks were kept closed and stragglers bayoneted on. Time was important; there could be no dawdling or delay. At the beginning of the march, Jackson encountered General Lee. "Jackson approached, pulled the sorrel up for a brief moment, and spoke quickly to the commanding general. Stonewall, eyes ablaze, pointed ahead. Lee nodded. Spurs to the sorrel, Old Jack trotted on down the road. Lee and Stonewall Jackson had met for the last time."²⁷

The day was warm, and the trees in the wilderness were bathed in sunlight. The road, still damp from rain, was in ideal condition for walking. Old Jack had his battle look. His men wished to cheer him, but they had orders to remain silent. The glinting light in Stonewall's eye served as a reminder.²⁸ Jackson's superb soldiers were in good humor. They didn't know where Old Jack was taking them, but they sensed that their leader had some big surprise in store for fighting Joe Hooker and were eager to follow.

Jackson's face showed eagerness and intensity as he ordered his staff to "press on, press on." At about two p.m., Fitzhugh Lee dashed up to Jackson. "General," gasped the youngster, "if you will follow me I will show you the enemy's right, and you will perceive the great advantage of attacking down the old turnpike instead of the plank road."²⁹

Jackson galloped after Lee through the underbrush to the crest of a hill. Spread out before them was the Union right flank. The men were resting, arms were stacked, and the cooks were preparing supper. Fitzhugh watched Jackson closely:

His eyes burned with a brilliant glow, lighting up and sad face; his expression was one of intense interest . . . his face was radiant . . . at the success of his flank movement.

To my remarks he did not reply once during the five minutes he was on the hill; and yet his lips were moving.

One more look at the Federal lines, and then he rode rapidly down the hill, his arms flapping to the motions of his horse, over whose head it seemed he would certainly go.³⁰

Jackson left the Stonewall Brigade to guard the plank road and, with the rest of his corps hurriedly pressed toward the old turnpike. He took time to write this, his last dispatch:³¹

Near 3 p.m.
May 2d, 1863

General,

The enemy has made a stand at Chancellor's which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack.

I trust that an Ever Kind Providence will bless us with a great success.

Respectfully,

T. J. Jackson
Lt. Genl.

Genl. R. E. Lee

Jackson carefully brought his men into position along the turnpike. He looked at his watch. It was 5:15. He turned to General Rodes, who led the vanguard. "Are you ready, General Rodes?"

"Yes sir."

Jackson's voice was slow and quiet. "You can go forward then."³²

Bugles sounded. At that moment, firing was heard five or six miles distant. It was Lee providing support exactly according to plan. Muskets crashed, men began to run, and suddenly the eerie rebel yell pierced the woods. The terror-stricken Federals looked up to see, beyond the fleeing deer and rabbits, the plunging lines of gray. The Union soldiers fled in panic.

Captain E. R. Wilbourn wrote, describing Jackson as the great attack tore through the forest:

Frequently . . . he would stop, raise his hand, and turn his eyes toward heaven as if praying for a blessing on our arms. He shouted, 'press forward! press forward!'

. . . Our troops made repeated charges, driving the enemy before them every time, which caused loud and long-continued cheering along our entire line . . . and General Jackson would invariably raise his hand and give thanks to Him who gave the victory. . . . As he passed the bodies of some of our veterans, he halted, raised his hand as if to ask a blessing upon them, and to pray to God to save their souls.³³

In the fury of the charge through the woods organization had been forgotten. No one knew where the lines now lay. As darkness descended, the men began to fire at the slightest motion, and the night was full of shadows. The charging line had halted.

Jackson, with a cluster of couriers and officers, rode along the plank road towards the Union line. Stonewall wanted to press on against Hooker's demoralized men. He moved forward towards Chancellorsville. The knot of horsemen were already far out in front, beyond the Confederate picket lines.

One of his staff asked Old Jack, "General, don't you think this is the wrong place for you?" Jackson was intensely excited over the unfolding victory. "The danger," he said, "is all over—the enemy is routed—go back and tell A. P. Hill to press right on."³⁴

Jackson found the position of the enemy, turned Little Sorrel around, and planned his attack. Nervous pickets were straining for signs of the enemy. Shots tore into the night. Little Sorrel bolted in panic. There was another volley. Jackson was hit in several places. The sorrel ran wildly. One arm could not be used; Jackson tried to rein in with the other arm. Branches lashed at his face cutting him, ripping off his cap. A limb almost knocked him from the saddle.

Some officers stopped his horse and carried Jackson from the saddle. They laid him beneath a tree. Captain Wilbourn and A. P. Hill attended Jackson. "Is the wound painful?" asked Hill.

"It's very painful, I think my arm is broken." ³⁵

A tourniquet was placed on Jackson's broken arm; the ball had pierced the main artery. The General was asked if he was wounded elsewhere. "Yes," came the calm reply, "in the right hand, but never mind that; it is a mere trifle." ³⁶

The group was still outside the Confederate lines. Stonewall was placed on a litter. The litter bearers was under heavy cannon fire. Once the litter was dropped so hard that Stonewall was forced to groan as he fell on his shattered arm. A grizzled veteran looked at the stretcher as it passed through the lines. "Great God!" came the heartbroken cry, "that is General Jackson!" ³⁷

General Pender stepped up to Stonewall, expressed his regrets—and his fears—that he must retreat. For the first time since his wounding Jackson moved swiftly. He quickly sat up. "You must hold your ground, Pender! Hold your ground, sir!" ³⁸ An ambulance then carried Jackson to Reverend Melzi Chancellor's house where Stonewall's trusted surgeon, Dr. McGuire, awaited him.

McGuire knelt down and said, "I hope you are not badly hurt, General." Jackson replied feebly, "I am badly injured, doctor; I fear I am dying." ³⁹

Jackson was carried to the field hospital at Wilderness Tavern where the ball in his right hand was removed and his left arm was amputated. Sandy Pendleton entered the tent on behalf of Jeb Stuart, now the Second Corps Commander. He wanted to receive any instructions Jackson had to give. Jackson immediately became alert; his eyes flashed. Thousands of men in gray expectantly waited for a command. Old Jack almost succeeded in giving an order, but then his face relaxed and he sadly answered, "I don't know, I can't tell; say to General Stuart he must do what he thinks best." ⁴⁰

Chaplain Lacy entered the tent. Upon seeing the armless shoulder, he could not repress his emotion. "O General," he exclaimed, "what a calamity!" Quickly Jackson reassured him. The loss of his arm, he said, was by the will of God. Later in life, or in the world to come, he would understand why that member was taken from him. He confided that when a bearer tripped and a litter fell, he thought that he would die on the field, and he gave himself

into the hands of his Creator. "Perfect peace, said Jackson, then had been his—a precious experience." ⁴¹

On the morning of May 3, Jackson alertly listened to the noise of the continuing battle. When he was told of the gallant action of the Stonewall Brigade on that day's battle, he said, "Good—good. It was just like them to do so; just like them. They are a noble body of men." ⁴²

In the afternoon a courier brought this immortal message from Lee:

General: I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I can not express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to be disabled in your stead.

I congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee

Jackson replied: "General Lee is very kind, but he should give the praise to God." ⁴³

Lee feared for Jackson's safety and ordered him moved to the Chandler home at Guiney Station. When informed of the order, Jackson said, "General Lee has always been very kind to me and I thank him." Of the enemy he said, "I am not afraid of them; I have always been kind to their wounded, and I am sure they will be kind to me." ⁴⁴

Jackson's wounds were healing well until May 7, when Dr. McGuire diagnosed a pain in Jackson's chest as pneumonia. Drugged with morphine and with fever, Jackson slid into delirium. His wife appeared at his side after a trying trip from Richmond. She was struck with grief when she looked upon her suffering husband.

"My darling, you must cheer up, and not wear a long face," he spoke. ⁴⁵

In his delirium he gave battle orders. On Saturday, the ninth, he asked for sections of the psalms to be read. He then showed contentment as the bedside group sang the hymn beginning, "Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive."

Sunday, General Lee exclaimed with deep emotion, "Surely General Jackson must recover. God will not take him from us now that we need him so much. Surely he will be spared to us, in answer to the many prayers which are offered for him." ⁴⁶

Mrs. Jackson learned Sunday morning that the General was failing quickly and would soon die. When she told this to her husband, and asked if he was willing to go, he said, "Yes, I prefer it, I prefer it." ⁴⁷ He expressed his desire to be buried at Lexington, in the Valley. His daughter, Julia, was brought in. He smiled broadly, "Little darling, sweet one!" The General then sank into unconsciousness, but all at once the weary soldier spoke his immortal last words: "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." ⁴⁸

Chancellorsville was a great victory; but at what a price! At this battle the star of the Confederacy was at its peak; from now on the road led downward.

Lee said of mighty Stonewall, "Such an executive officer the sun never shone on . . . He has lost his left arm; but I have lost my right arm."⁴⁹

Two months after Chancellorsville Lee met the Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg. Lee despaired over the loss of his "right arm." He said, "If I had had Jackson at Gettysburg, I should have won that battle, and a complete victory there would have resulted in the establishment of the independence of the South."⁵⁰

Lee fought on, and fought well, for two long years, but it was noticed that he ventured upon no strokes of audacity after Jackson had passed away.⁵¹

A clergyman expressed the feelings of the South as he closed a prayer with these words: "When in Thy inscrutable wisdom O Lord, Thou didst ordain that the Confederacy should fall, then didst Thou find it necessary to remove Thy servant, Stonewall Jackson. Amen."⁵²

FOOTNOTES

¹ Quoted in Henry Kyd Douglas, *I Rode With Stonewall*, p. 233.

² F. B. M., "Thomas Jonathan Jackson," *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (1957), 12:854. "Stonewall" is a curiously misleading name for one who proved to be such a fast, aggressive soldier.

³ George F. R. Henderson, *Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War*, I; 416.

⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 417-18.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 427.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 441.

⁷ John Warwick Daniel, *The Character of Stonewall Jackson*, p. 50.

⁸ Anonymous, "They Fought For Freedom," *Scholastic*, 44:2 (March 6, 1944).

⁹ Quoted in Daniel, p. 15.

¹⁰ Douglas, p. 235.

¹¹ Daniel, p. 13.

¹² Evelyn Sager, "Sword and Bible Generals," *New York Times Magazine*, p. 36 (July 30, 1944).

¹³ R. L. Dabney, *Life and Campaigns of Lieut. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson*, p. 654.

¹⁴ Burke Davis, *They Called Him Stonewall*, p. 13.

¹⁵ Mary Anna Jackson, *Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson by His Widow*, p. 405.

¹⁶ Quoted in Frank E. Vandiver, *Mighty Stonewall*, p. 462.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 457.

¹⁸ Douglas Southall Freeman, *Lee's Lieutenants*, II; 533.

¹⁹ Vandiver, p. 460.

²⁰ Davis, p. 407.

²¹ Freeman, p. 540.

²² *Ibid.*, p. 541.

²³ Vandiver, p. 467.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 468.

²⁵ *Ibid.*

²⁶ *Ibid.*

²⁷ *Ibid.*

²⁸ Dabney, p. 508.

²⁹ Freeman, p. 552.

- ³⁰ Davis, p. 416.
- ³¹ Freeman, p. 555.
- ³² Davis, p. 417.
- ³³ *Ibid.*, p. 419.
- ³⁴ Vandiver, p. 477.
- ³⁵ Davis, p. 426.
- ³⁶ Vandiver, p. 479.
- ³⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 480.
- ³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 482.
- ³⁹ Dr. McGuire in Jackson, p. 433.
- ⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 436.
- ⁴¹ Freeman, p. 600.
- ⁴² Dabney, p. 709.
- ⁴³ Jackson, p. 436.
- ⁴⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 438.
- ⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 451.
- ⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 453.
- ⁴⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 455.
- ⁴⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 457.
- ⁴⁹ Vandiver, p. 492.
- ⁵⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 477.
- ⁵¹ Swinton, *Army of the Potomac*, p. 16, as quoted in Daniel, p. 20.
- ⁵² Douglas, p. 231.

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Shadows Do Move

SUZANNE THOMAS
Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

Walk
 past Mambo City
 last month it was Rock and Roll City
 warm beer smell comes out the door
 the blasting trumpet; the banging drums
 "turn off that damn Krupa" it reminds me
 building shade is cooler than ----
 granite reflects me as a shadow
 do men really wear the shiny black slippers in the window?
 I have never seen them
 a well is in the sea
 what is so special about the Tribune Tower that the spotlights reveal?
 people should walk down fire escapes more often
 South Pacific somehow doesn't sound the same as North Pacific
 I want to crawl on my stomach across the street, a bug
 climb the air
 that damn bum keeps pouring sugar in his coffee
 why do people meet at Walgreen's?
 South Pacific is Cantonese food and North Pacific is war
 no one can ever read the writing on convention buttons
 are they SPQR's or WCTU's?
 4 books for a dollar . . . THE NOVELS, TALES AND SKETCHES OF J. M.
 BARRIE, THE BOOK OF BOSTON, WHITEOAKS OF JALNA . . .
 If everyone agreed not to use neon lights, think of the money that could be saved
 whoever goes to see "Peter Pan" besides some dumb kids?
 what is it about walking under the El
 especially when the sun is shining
 always start on the main floor at Marshall Fields; the floors are less inhabited at the top
 Ellington is always at the Blue Note
 open the doors; ascend the 32 steps; I always have to sit on the side facing the drummer
 forever they will remember "Skin Deep"
 what kind of a man allows his wife to come to the City with him for a convention?
 People are everywhere doing nothing
 not going to the show but looking at the billboards
 not eating but looking at the food in the windows
 not buying but sorting through the cheap watchbands
 what is the reason for looking at watchbands when I don't have a watch?
 why does granite reflect me as a shadow?
 because in the City I am a shadow
 I can never be anything more than a reflection of black in the granite
 the City is the granite
 I am the nothing.

Optimism Resurrected

BARBARA ANNE HUTCHENS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

Optimism, whether it be the Leibnitzian philosophy ridiculed by Voltaire or the popular Norman Vincent Peale variety, is intellectually rather unfashionable. Tell, not a neurotic beatnik, but a simple, comfortable, middle-class, all-American-boy college student, "Good morning"; and he asks, "What's good about it?"

Knowledge is constricted to a narrow science based on sensory perceptions of observable phenomena, and people are not allowed to believe anything until they have proven it by experiment. Experience is the best teacher: that is the catchword. But even animals can learn by experience. Ring a bell every time a dog is fed, and eventually his mouth will water at the sound of the bell. Man is more than an animal; man has a mind which is capable of deductive reasoning and a spirit which is able to receive revelation.

Yet I have heard a teacher say that everyone should get drunk once in his life just for the experience—experience is the best teacher. Should everyone murder, then, that he might know what love is through an understanding of hatred? The implication is that good is known only by contrast with evil—an implication reflected in Pollock's innocent statement that: "Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy." What a sad concept—that evil must necessarily exist for there to be any goodness. To me, the idea is even rather medieval. People used to believe that shadows had a creepy substance, that darkness was a mantle, that demons lurked everywhere ready to transform themselves into bad thoughts.

No, a person is not good who abstains from wrongdoing; goodness is something which exists, something which is positive—like a sunset or a smile. Scientists are not sure whether light is waves of energy, or bundles of photons, or just what, but they know that it is something. It is evil which is non-existent; evil is the absence of good. Darkness is the absence of light; ignorance is a lack of knowledge.

How much easier it is to keep one's sanity when, face-to-face with war, injustice, poverty, one knows that there is a lack of good but that good exists.

One Way of Looking at It

Man is a slave from parturition to death. He is a prisoner in chains locked by society. He is controlled by fears, desires, and emotions.

BARBARA RASHBAUM, *Rhetoric 101, Theme 5*

A student nurse is truth with blood on her uniform, beauty with gloves on her hands, wisdom with penicillin in her hand, a success with scissors in her pocket.

PAT POLLARD, *Rhetoric 101, Theme 4*

The funeral is over; the last mourner has gone; only silence remains to mark the spot where summer died.

ROBERT WILSON, *Rhetoric 101*

All around the stadium, beer was flowing. It made a continuous river down the throats of grandfathers and three-year old children alike. Across the infield, the Busch eagle flapped its neon wings to show approval of the national pastime.

SUE HAINES, *Rhetoric 102*

Rhet as Writ

Upon graduating high school, I was still green behind the ears.

If infinitive could be defined, I would be an atheist.

Only then will this earth be what God intended it to be—a Garden of Evil.

Decisions, decissions, deccisions!

Holden Caulfield appears to be a very unstabled person.

The term rushing is used to describe the process by which a girl elects a fraternity.

After twelve long days, six and a half men were rescued alive.

"Faking" is when the quarter-back places the ball in your stomach and then pulls it out while you are running into the line.

Little Rock stands in front of many people as a ginny pig.

The engineers [of jet airliners] have fewer moving parts than the piston engines, and they are therefore much easier to maintain.

[Helen of Troy's] beauty was caught in a vice between two men.

This process requires a few tricks which are so secret that I cannot revile them.

. . . to block an opponent a soccer player must throw his most venerable sections at his opponent.

[Dunninger] says nearly anyone can become a mind reader, even a three-year-old child with thirty years experience.

[a paraphrase of "I trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries."] Heaven is deaf from hearing my troubles with which I am left without even boots.

When he came home he was always studing under the watchful eye of his mother.

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